

"he resorts to crying in hiccoughs and invites the blind, deaf and dumb brainwashed praise-singers to join him in singing his little songs"

CRYING IN

Hiccoughs

Alobwed'Epie

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

CRYING IN HICCOUGHS

BY

ALOBWED'EPIE



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DEDICATION

*To the Unknown Soldier
I was taught to chastise as
Rebel, terrorist, maquisard*

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Preface

While Esole and Nzale played, a stranger came and demanded if they knew one Mr. Ekeme.

“Which Mr. Ekeme?” The one with a hunch back?” Nzale asked.

“Yes,” the stranger responded.

Kw000, Esole slapped Nzale and they began to fight.

“Why are you fighting,” the stunned stranger asked.

“He slapped me,” Nzale responded.

“He insulted my father,” Esole retorted.

“Why did you insult his father?” the stranger asked.

“I did not insult his father. I made a blunt statement of fact,”

Crying in Hiccoughs makes blunt statements of facts

Introduction

Celebrations marking African countries' independence were hardly over when the crackle of gunfire and blasts of bombs deafened the enraptured participants and set them fleeing helter-skelter to havens across the seas – the lands of the castigated colonialists. Those who could/cannot flee the carnage but survive(d) miraculously were/are made to incessantly celebrate new victories : but what victories? What victories do the battered, despoiled and estranged victims celebrate? Is wallowing in ignorance, alcohol, and constantly fleeing from warfronts the prize of independence? Do vain promises makeup for the lost glory?

Bate Besong, had caught the spirit of Alobwed'Epie's political works when in an article in Eden newspaper 20 Febuary 2006, said, "*The Death Certificate* discards the universal for the immediate and local and perceives Cameroonians as mainly responsible for their problems. There are suggestions everywhere of avarice, megalomania, brutality, squalor, kleptomania and necrophilia. The economic situation is dreadfully familiar. For, Alobwed'Epie's novel transcribes the Fanonian hypotheses that when you examine at close quarters the continuous rot; it is evident that what parcels out the Cameroonian irrational is to begin with the fact of belonging or not belonging to a given province..."

Put in these perspectives, really what parcels out the Cameroonian and African irrational is to begin with the fact of belonging or not belonging to the military and the clan in power. And once that god headedness is established, the person becomes "a prankster, gangster and psychotic tyrant in the guise of a messiah..."

Crying in Hiccoughs uses the rear mirror technique to capture the farce and present it in real day to day language – the language of the downtrodden. Simple as the language may

seem to be, it is rife with versatility, insult and mind provoking imagery all aimed at watering the venom of revolution, in veiled virgins of pregnant minutes.

My Little Song

I've a little song to sing
But the audience is deaf and blind.
I've a little song to sing,
But the audience is deaf and dumb.
So, my little song I'll sing to myself,
And sing, and sing and sing aloud
Till the audience hears and sees me,
Till the audience hears and talks to me.
Then, shall my little song have meaning,
Then, shall the audience sing with me
And we'll sing and sing and sing aloud,
Till the devil falls from the larder,
Then, shall the petals of our roses open,
And join the audience in hailing my song.

My Song in Silver

I do not cloak my song in gold,
But in silver bright for the lowly
For silver appeals to the masses
And gold to the 'greedy' few.

Crown the kings with golden crowns,
And the masses adorn with silver plates,
Stay apart and judge the day,
The majority will go the silver way.

My Little Song

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Stay apart and judge the day,
The majority will go the silver way.

Seal Your Lips

When we are trained to talk,
And the trainers abandon us
To internal affairs,
We lose our heads in talking,
And dead men don't bite.

The Demigods

After the bang, the covenant,
And from the Western deeps,
Emerged the godheads,
Omnipotent, omniscient,
Dream of black Africa land.

And each godhead a wand in hand
Wrought his perpetual 'Yes Lords'
Some meek, others mighty,
To serve, and be served;
But both the lord to serve.

The wands heavy and mighty,
Set the pace for the races,
And each godhead
Took the mark alone,
And won the race in landslide.

With each victory the wand stiffened,
Destroying old loyalties, creating new ones
And delighted in each case, we ululate,
Hailing our democracy.

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Hailing our democracy.

The Past, The Present, The Future

Six and one, seven in all,
Six they were, six blind men,
And the seventh?
Lo! One eyed, their king,
In peace and harmony lived.

On a lonely island far at sea,
A tree their garden, the only shade,
An elephant too, the only other friend,
All in peace and harmony lived.

Windfalls unequally shared the king,
The best for himself the king preserved,
But each a bellyful daily had,
And all in peace and harmony lived.

Then came a white, two eyed, a stranger,
"This beast who has; I want to buy?"
"I, we," claimed the king,
"No, we" countered the six.

"Put to vote," advised the white,
"With the majority do I deal,"
So, six to one, went the vote
And the blind majority won the vote.

In a heap the wild beast fell,
The king in anger, knife in hand,
Rushed to 'off the ivories bright.
"No, 'aint yours," the whiteman said.

"Let the vote lead the course,

Let the six have their will,”
So in anger the one eye king,
In dignity left the scene.

The happy six, knives in hand,
Fell at once on their game,
“The head is bony,” advised the white,
Then himself knife in hand,
Dug the ivories from the head.

As with the beast, so with the tree,
And the windfalls ceased to be,
Then the king lived by his store,
And the six, by their meat.

Soon the store bear became,
And the king in hunger poorly died,
And now the white steals in silence,
All the meat left in stock.

Now the six in eternal rupture are,
Each a thief, a terror to the others,
Each sets fires on others’ heads
While the white in glory laughs.

Now the barrel, and not the vote,
The ruler of the six has become,
So in terror live the blind,
While in mockery, the white pleads.

The glorious past, the terrible now,
The future too, a gloom to be?
Oh yes, Oh yes! Surely so
Once bad for ever bad.

No Past, No Present, No Future

Africa south of the Sahara,
Only in verse her glorious past,
In reality, a haunting emptiness,
Not a word in print nor a stone upon a stone
But decaying thatch and mouldering wood
Bruising my pride with endless questions.

Did those Heroes in song live,
Did they dwell, did they reason,
Did they make war, did they scan the skies,
Was there a Pharaoh or a Confucius?
Look round and turn to a witness,
No, there's none, no witness.

To know the past, scan the now,
And ask of a Washington or a Churchill,
If there's one, hail by name,
If none, seal thy lips with a magic band,
For, dare it, and the beasts of Maidanek (Nyerere
apart)
Will draw their swords and slaughter,
And drag thy bones on the old sands of fate.

As of now, was of old,
The vampire empires south of the Sahara,
Slug in moral crises, radiating –
Social, economic, and political crisis.
What caused that, but saliva turned hemlock?
The worms go for the buds,
And so, posterity destroy.

The future is bleak,

There is melancholy,
As modern blowpipes now and again,
Spew red rain upon the land
Once liberated, now plundered
By patriots turned traitors.

So, restrain thy borrowed code in song
In chastising and castrating the lender
For, the evils that men do live long after them,
These evils are theirs and ours only;
From patron to matron, of past and present.

The African Press

The firmament opened
And under the heels of the almighty;
Moses
Fettered in barbed wire,
Panted
Tasting the broth of freedom struggle.

A wand rose,
And in the hand of the almighty
A tourniquet
Turned anti-clockwise,
Shut
The valves of freedom struggle.

The firmament closed,
And in the delight of the almighty,
Moses
Battered and matted with blood,
Leads

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Battered and matted with blood,
Leads

The claque in singing the dirge.

Of What Shall I Be Proud?

Of what shall I be proud
O mother, mother Africa?
Of kith selling kin,
Or patrons denuding banks?
Of a completely disappointed sage,
Or a totally demoralised youth?
Of Amin making and losing war,
Or Bokassa clowning and losing the crown?
Of barren life Presidents
Enslaving and murdering the lowly?
Of what shall I be proud,
O mother, mother Africa?

Mere Nature's Call?

Chained in the act, tail to tail
Defying the canine of their kind,
This, for posterity or mere nature's call?
Only the aftermath did tell.

Two hefty ones, male and female
Surely the product of the union,
Then both parents snarled and barked,
Their product, not wanting to see.

Same fate, African intelligentsia,
Sponsored and pampered in quest of knowledge
Upon graduation, eternally chastised –

The claque in singing the dirge.

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Same fate, African intelligentsia,
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A sham, a traitor, a communist,
Him, his mentors not wanting to see.

Sure, there is natural logic in this.
His mentors err nor age not.
Thoughtless of time off,
With saponaceous dog-licked faces,
They mail the status quo.

The Election Day

Tat, tat, tat, ta ta tat tat tatatata,
The African electorate spew their ballots.
Tat, tat, tum, tum, tat, tatata, tum,tum,tum,
Puffy faces peer through bunker holes
Beholding ghettos crumble under blast,
Tum, tum, tum, tumtumtumtumtum,
While panicky skeletons stampede,
Littering cratered streets with bleached bodies.
Tum,tat,tat,tat,tum,tum,tumtumtum,tatata,
The temporarily spared, clamour in vain,
Tum, tatatat tum,tumtumtum,tatata, tat,
Spilling over unknown borders.
Outcasts of the earth, wandering in the void,
Tasting the nauseous broth of Ethiopia
In a gruesome march to eternity.
Tum, tum, tum, tatatat, tat, tum, tat,
The world starts in awe, but helpless,
For this is surely an internal affair,
Tat, tum,tum,tum,tat,tat,tatata,
And only the solid red lead emitting muzzle
Can conduct the elections free and fair.
Tat, tum, tat, tum, tat, tum, tum, tum tum,

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Tat, tum, tat, tum, tat, tum, tum, tum tum,

From the carnage emerge the elected
Skulls of hornbills empty;
Wielding tanks, bombs and bayonets,
For brains, charisma and fortitude.
In a continent prone to death.

The Monument

The Emperor built a monument
In his image and glory,
And gilded it from toe to crest,
And at its feet we laid palm fronds.

Guards stood watch by day and night,
In sunshine and rain alike,
And it, in a circle backed,
To face the external foe.

On each nativity, 'sages' the world over,
Paid homage to emperor and monument,
And the world went round in glory,
For the animate and the inanimate.

Then after three scores the Emperor,
In the way of all flesh went,
And the circle of guards turned inward,
And with raised guns faced the enemy.

With a click the boom went up
And a mighty cloud of dust rose,
And where the monument and some
Die-heart guards stood,
Lo! An empty space became.

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And where the monument and some
Die-heart guards stood,
Lo! An empty space became.

Beware then of monuments self-erected,
Be they in print or in stone,
For only posterity real monuments erects,
And those, for eternity last.

The Unknown Soldier

When brave men die and cowards live,
And cowards live to write history,
They proclaim themselves brave men,
And the brave, the Unknown Soldier.

We know the brave, they fought for us,
The mosquito is one, the tse-tse fly the other,
Their skeletons litter the marshy jungles,
They never knew the microphone.

This monument we raise in their honour,
The sources of Republics and Empires,
Tread softly, thou visiting head,
Honour the dead, and not thy host.

To The Youth of Africa

Third World is a euphemism,
Underdeveloped, an insult,
Developing, a challenge,
And developed the goal.

Place then yourself in this,
And your attitude x-ray,

Beware then of monuments self-erected,
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Place then yourself in this,
And your attitude x-ray,

Then say where it'll lead Africa,
This dear, very dear fatherland.

To reach the goal, face the challenge,
In selflessness and armoured will,
Forsake the harvest for the moment,
And make a name for posterity.

There's much, O! so much to be done,
But there's nothing, nothing being done,
So sit not in abject dejection,
And shamelessly blame the gods.

There's a best start for a best anything,
And that, upon independence we lost,
For, the desire to remain eternal,
Made consolidation a major goal.

Material and human resources,
All to blowpipes were diverted,
Now blowpipes devour blowpipes,
Devastating even the little inherited.

See, our patrons' course is lost in lust,
See, our media plays the mighty claque,
See, our Profs. have joined the looting lot,
And oh! our matrons mourn in mud and dust.

Gird then your loins youths of Africa,
Away with the bullets, in with the ballot,
And in unison, hand in hand,
Build Africa, your dear fatherland.

The Beaten Pen

Who swallows not, is soon swallowed,
Who bites not, is soon bitten,
Whom the gods crown, take the sword,
For, once bitten twice shy,
But twice bitten, forever beaten.

With that our heads screwed their brows,
And laid waste the mighty pens,
Tom Mboya swam in the Red Sea,
And Diallo Telli sojourned in Ethiopia.

The masses stayed with sealed lips,
As the Pen lost to the sword,
The dark ages have engulfed Africa
And all we do is, watch and see.

The Weeping African Child

We owe our leaders nothing,
They've paid themselves in kind
In looting our gold and silver
Leaving us to die in want.

We owe our leaders nothing
Though we must sing their praises
We know the cow is milked to death
And our lives are brought to nought.

We owe our leaders nothing,
They maim and kill our dads,
In senseless dirty wars

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They maim and kill our dads,
In senseless dirty wars

Fought for years, and years on end.

We owe our leaders nothing,
They build the dungeons larger,
And there they cram and torture
All who dare raise alarm.

The Cry of the Street Man

Now I know,
When patrons laugh hahaha,
They are eating theirs and mine.

Now I know,
When patrons frown,
They know I know.

Now I know,
When patrons use the baton,
They want to seal my lips.

Now I know,
When patrons give alms,
The loot is heavy.

Now I know,
When patrons want to dance,
I'm forced to bed.

Now I know,
Since nature offers little space
And patrons want more,
I must die.

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Now I know,
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I must die.

These Tears

These tears, long and heavy,
Furrowing my spiked cheeks,
The devils limping parody,
Making a mockery of me.

These tears, long and heavy,
Shawling the glow in my star,
Glued as by a devil's wand,
Defying the blood of the lamb.

These tears, long and heavy,
The debt of Adam in me,
I alone his son or daughter,
I alone the rightful heir.

These tears, long and heavy,
With petals folded my morn is past,
With clipped lips I watch in awe,
My assigned stone-laden pit.

Ode to the Vegetable

What bliss in vegetable!
The spinach and the huckleberry,
Swaying in the gentle breeze,
Fanned, as the Pharaohs of old.

With no kings nor lords to hail,
With no lasses to guide nor brats to tame,
Free from tempted mothers and bully fathers,
Free from aches, the curse of man.

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With petals folded my morn is past,
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My assigned stone-laden pit.

Ode to the Vegetable

What bliss in vegetable!
The spinach and the huckleberry,
Swaying in the gentle breeze,
Fanned, as the Pharaohs of old.

With no kings nor lords to hail,
With no lasses to guide nor brats to tame,
Free from tempted mothers and bully fathers,
Free from aches, the curse of man.

Hail the vegetable, hail,
Proud to die and live in death,
With hell no threat nor heaven a reward,
But life in death, and death in life.

What bliss in vegetable, what bliss!
All in unison, hail their being,
All in unison, pass away,
In kingdoms, ney, kingdoms without kings.

Prophecy

The sky of their dream-land wears a divorce veil,
With hems shredded in tendrils by flares.
The smithed octopus of Tour Eiffel,
Will be ragged by her hand-made turbulence.

The pregnant blankets of the sky will tremble,
Constrict and wriggle in constipation,
They will burst and flood the land
With seasoned red, pure red rain.

Soldiers' spades, blunt with fatigue,
Will sow the land with mutilated seeds,
And in the red sogginess, owls will hoot,
Praying for bread and butter, but none in sight.

The sun, apparelled in red mane,
Will bare his teeth, feigning a smile,
And will launch a thousand million watts,
To scorch and bleach the red sogginess,
And yield scales of mulatto clay.

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To scorch and bleach the red sogginess,
And yield scales of mulatto clay.

Iron birds will complement the carnage,
They'll shower the land with exploding grain,
From which the mighty will take to flight,
And perch on foreign mountain tops.

From there, they'll watch from sheltered caves,
The cursed earthbound ostriches – the lowly,
Take the full blast of each direct hit – their
creation,
They, the smithed octopus of Tour Eiffel.

The Collapsing Cliffs of Fako

Rocking on the collapsing cliffs of Fako,
Straining a peep at the clouded crest of Kupe,
The Manyu and Mezam overflowing with mud,
I nod at nonsense, History's shame.

Rocking on the collapsing cliffs of Fako,
Bidding adieu to a deserted land,
The rusting Bismarck the mouldering Fortress,
Our patrons' shame our blood to be.

Rocking on the collapsing cliffs of Fako,
Rending clothes for a motivating Moses,
The plunder goes on, Arabia goes dry,
I look to the east, and see blood.

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What Is My Fate?

In supreme supplication Sir,
I the dissolved, absorbed and insulted,
Quest to know, not known,
My fate in faith b'fore I flee.

Sounds zoom about my ears
A new King is crowned.

Another sycophant slogging same old song?
No, no, no, without thought in "Moonalike" hail,
A saint, a sage, a saviour, God sent.
So in unison we said, "Let's wait and see".

Then sounds zoomed about my ears again,
Kings in dispute.

My self-fetched food fell,
As savage blowpipes blasted
Shattering swiftly and savagely,
What held the Kings in esteem.

I am the power broker, the glory giver.
I sided one and he won.
But what is my fate even now?
I quest to know, not known.

By The Beach Of Victoria

By the beach of Victoria I stand,
It's August 31st 1988,
There to watch the void of the Atlantic,

What Is My Fate?

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By The Beach Of Victoria

By the beach of Victoria I stand,
It's August 31st 1988,
There to watch the void of the Atlantic,

To where the sea meets the earth.

Giant waves scourge Arabia,
Their untold anger to express,
Against the laying of mighty veins,
To transfuse a distant marsh.

At the mouth of Limbe, a battle,
Atlantic rejects her sanitary drain,
And in the dancing surf in tall grasses,
Submerge the old and new deal promises.

Limbe insists on burying the dead,
Atlantic rejects and buffets them back,
And time and again a board surfaces,
A sign board of an abandoned project.

Those boards rend my soul in bits,
As surely they do the credulous speculator,
Whose building projects decay in moss,
Whose being is reduced to debt and death.

Midway left, the surf is more gentle,
It caresses the stones of Saker the founder,
And in a gentle embrace the breeze honours,
A once memorable glorious past.

The roads sing a false song,
Declaring an Utopian now.
But surely they won't have been there,
If God-given Arabia was not there.

This song I sing in earnest,
And the badged ones I resist not,

For, what I see, I shame to tell,
And from where I come, I shame to live.

The Ugly One

One is ugly,
Two is lovely
One is odd,
Two is even.

One is I,
Two is we.
One hoards,
Two shares.

One is omnipotent,
Two is transient.
One imposes,
Two discusses.

In imposition
Rebellion lurks,
In discussion
There's compromise.

Six is lovely,
Seven is ugly.
Six is even,
Seven is odd.

Seven lean cows
In seven odd years, (82-89)
Devoured seven fat cows,

For, what I see, I shame to tell,
And from where I come, I shame to live.

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Six is lovely,
Seven is ugly.
Six is even,
Seven is odd.

Seven lean cows
In seven odd years, (82-89)
Devoured seven fat cows,

Tended in 25 years.

One is ugly odd,
Seven is deadly odd.
Two is lively even,
And in being even, lies hope.

So, let's go even,
The world's gone two,
For, this death was bred by one,
One is ugly odd.

Adieu, Lady Queen (1992 Sept 4th)

Lioness, lioness, midwife lioness,
With whiskers licked clean dry,
The blood stained manes of thy kin,
Unfold the mystery of the feast.

Lioness, lioness, midwife lioness,
In your smouldering bloating cemeteries,
Digest the past, the present and the future,
Of a foundation once laid and nurtured.

But then O! midwife lioness,
In this gyrating wheel of being,
What *vanitas vanitatum*, *quelle* debris!
What *corput mortum*, man is?

And when the Caller calls, dear lioness,
Neither military might nor glittering gold,
Neither their Excellencies nor their Lordships,
Can the eternal order change.

Tended in 25 years.

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So, in this sniggering snivelling adieu,
None other but the chosen you must pass,
Pass, with nothing but open palms,
For nothing lasts, all pass,
As the eternal ages run.

Depleted Harvest

The harvest is depleted,
The beggars' alms pans empty,
There is want in the land of plenty,
There is cry where the milk did flow.

Donkey years of chaos,
Years of calamities,
Our lakes explode in anger,
Our markets pick fire at will,
And schools collapse standing.

The owls hoot in mournful tones,
The sky is cast in dark ridges,
There's red rain at the horizon
And mothers quake in fears.

Let's do something to save them,
This wasn't the dream of our forebears,
Tell petite Jean, the Moses,
The Red Sea is now red.

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The Lock

Oh! lock,
Creation of the have,
Against
The have not,
Who wanting to have,
Stole from the have,
What they had stolen from them,
Who wanting to protect their loot,
Make laws and arm the badged ones
In this world of vicious cycles.

There Is Peace

There is peace on this land,
Our lions have shed their manes,
And bleat in peaceful tunes,
Among the rumped woolly sheep.

There is peace on this land,
Our lions have got their fill,
And each farts and belches,
Among the limping footsore sheep.

There is peace on this land,
The Iscariots have won the day,
And each, in his lofty way,
Shares the hemless tunic.

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Where the Thieves Go

Some thieves go to hell,
And others to heaven.
It all depends on what they steal,
And surely where they steal.

Those who steal purses go to hell,
For, purses are found in hell,
And there, Satan reigns supreme,
For, the thieves are the sons of men.

Those who steal saves go to heaven,
For, saves are found in heaven,
And there, god in his majesty,
Guards the thieves, his chosen ones.

God's sons don't steal, they take,
If they steal show proof,
If not, seal thy lips
You limping complainer.

Parcous Vita. (Our budgets turned into Sweat)

In the tranquillity of Mont Febe Hills,
Snake-out celestial sporting courses,
Not for our Roger Milas nor our Mbappe Lepas,
But for the manipulators of our budgets.

Each, newly pregnant in gold,
Each, ten tons of flesh to shed,
And only a sporting midwife can handle,

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And only a sporting midwife can handle,

Male pregnancies out of hand.

On Sunday mornings their lungs whine,
As they jog, hop, skip and jump,
To induce male abortions overdue,
In the royal celestial woods.

Soon after the jogging and jumping stop,
The sports men sprawl to take their rest,
Then, drip, drip, drip from their brows,
Our budgets turned into sweat.

At the end of it all, they hail the lord,
Giver of budgets and sporting courses,
For one shortens and the other prolongs life,
A perfect balance in the status quo.

The Way We Build

Down, down town, plain centre of town,
Stood a house needing repairs and a fence.
By it, a hawkers' shade – a tree,
Heavy and mighty with age.
Two hundred million francs went for repairs,
And just above one ninety for the fence,
Then soon after the repairs and fence,
An idea, "The tree must be felled".
Parliament and the media went hilarious,
And the nation got a holiday with a 'pond'.
But then in earnest when the deed was done,
There was neither tree, house nor fence.

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The Chain

Who made the chain, never had been chained,
A chain bruises, it never soothes.
It puts to shame innocence and guilt alike,
Be it of copper, silver or gold.

Who was chained, if one he makes,
His, kills it never spares,
For revenge, his craftsmanship,
Barbs the chain to do his will.

Who made the police, never of the ghetto is,
Only in the ghetto do the police forage,
Laying waste good and evil alike,
No matter the grade, high or low.

Who made the soldier, of the ghetto is,
For revenge his guiding principle,
And like a dog that hates more its kin,
After a blunder, plays Socrates.

Kick the Saint.

The devil is better, the saint is worse,
The devil is hot, the saint is cold.
From the devil, we keep our distance,
With the saint, we rub shoulders.

Through a natural metamorphosis,
The devil evolves from the saint.
And when we get burnt is too late,
To know the change had taken place.

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We walked, we limped, we're crawling,
And being blind and deaf, we hail our state.
We'll crawl and crawl till we sore our knees,
Since we're blind and deaf to change.

Our crawling is beginning to hurt,
And expanding to posterity,
So let's do what is necessary,
Let's simply kick the saint.

Know This

Let our patrons this one know,
Looted gold makes no fame,
Though the native may hail,
The scholar incessantly questions.

And tho' in foreign lands it's hoarded,
And there, on exile the looter dwells,
The how, when and why surely must,
Defeat the essence of the loot.

There are cases one and two,
Where the looter in peace rested,
But his heirs had no wink,
As they from the cheated fled.

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Can We Ever Know?

Can we ever know,
Life is but a passing through,
Man is but seven scores and ten,
A little more, changeth nothing?

Can we ever know,
The spoon and the fork alternate,
In feeding the lone mouth,
The slave master of this tenement of clay?

Can we ever realise,
We are, because others are,
I, is a fraction of all,
And not all a fraction of I?

Who's greater —the servant or the master?
Ask Christ, He will surely tell you,
“There is room for the lean honest camel,
There is none for the fat rich dishonest man.

The Eternal I

The plural of **I** is **we**,
The plural of **you** is **you**,
The plural of **he** is **they**,
The plural of **I**, **you**, and **he** is **we**,
Since the singular of **we**, is not **you** nor **he**
But **I**, in all totality and logic,
I is **I**, **you** and **he**, which is **we** -
The plural of **I**.

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The object of **I** is **me**,
The object of **you** is **you**,
The object of **he** is **him**,
The object of **I**, **you** and **he** is **us**,
Since the singular of **us** is not **you** nor **him**
But **me**, in all totality and logic,
Me is **me**, **you** and **him**, which is **us** –
The plural of **me**.

The possessive of **me** is **mine**,
The possessive of **you** is **yours**,
The possessive of **him** is **his**,
The possessive of **me**, **you** and **him** is **ours**.
Since the singular of **ours** is not **yours** nor **his**
But **mine**, in all totality and logic,
Mine is **mine**, **yours** and **his**, which is **ours** –
The plural of **mine**.

What belongs to **me**, **you** and **him**,
Belongs to **us**, the plural of **me**,
So it is **mine**, the singular of **ours**.

In this ploy, man,
The custodians of state coffers
From god to man,
Excel the linguist.

The Scaffolds of Our Being

Tailored to praise and lay palm fronds,
Our mentors smithed lions out of slugs,
And primed tanks, bombs and bayonets
The antidote of their slime.

The object of **I** is **me**,
The object of **you** is **you**,
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The slime, an imbeciling broth,
The praise-singers imbibed in degrees,
Most with cupped hands, others with spoons
But a few with index fingers licked.

The hosannas at each nativity,
Wattled the nation with the slime,
And our mentors wore bangles of servitude,
As if they were no part of the beatitude.

Fools at forty, fools forever,
For Vice Chancellors, licked gilded boots
And bore shackles of second class,
That today, are the scaffolds of our being.

God's Sons

God's sons walk on springs,
They have their teeth in place,
They go to church on Sundays,
And sing carols at Christmas.

They never miss a step,
They never have my fears,
They're very safe in darkness,
And even tame the vipers.

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Hail the Rumour

Hail the rumour,
Grand Chancellor of Investigation,
Uncle of Speculation,
Nephew of Prediction,
Distant cousin of Falsehood,
And child of communal birth.

Seventy percent correct,
And thirty wrong.
He's disdained by the Royalty,
Chastised by the media,
Ostracised by the soldier,
But hailed by the lowly.

The Royalty conscious of him,
Think twice before acting,
But the ruthless plunge into action,
He unfolds, they wriggle and,
Fight back with veiled faces,
But he beats them clean and clear.

He demystifies current events,
Proclaims Akwanka imprisoned, not ill,
Arsons, not fire accidents,
Emptied coffers, not economic crises,
The media shies to trail him,
It farts, he belches.

The Eden of the Fallen Deacon

This cursed Eden of rusty scaffolds,
Eden devoid of reminiscence,
Eden where Adam is not interred,
This Eden of the fallen Deacon.

A replica of the fallen Deacon,
Sown rock sprouts nor rots not,
Though rolling, there's no moss,
But glittering shine, the sign of death.

We pout in want but keep our peace,
And look upon Lapiro to ferment a change,
He sings in Greek, the language of the dead,
And that, even keen ears don't hear.

We watch the orphans shrivel in want,
The farmers abandon their laden farms,
The worms wriggle in poisoned mash,
This cursed land of the fallen Deacon.

Human Nature

I saw a Minister in prayer,
On bent knees supplicating,
Repentant for budgets denuded,
Or an Oliver Twist wanting more?
So, I too on bent knees fell,
More concerned but less tensed,
"O Lord, I hail Thy word,
'The First shall the last be,'
"Look then upon the line,

The Eden of the Fallen Deacon

This cursed Eden of rusty scaffolds,
Eden devoid of reminiscence,
Eden where Adam is not interred,
This Eden of the fallen Deacon.

A replica of the fallen Deacon,
Sown rock sprouts nor rots not,
Though rolling, there's no moss,
But glittering shine, the sign of death.

We pout in want but keep our peace,
And look upon Lapiro to ferment a change,
He sings in Greek, the language of the dead,
And that, even keen ears don't hear.

We watch the orphans shrivel in want,
The farmers abandon their laden farms,
The worms wriggle in poisoned mash,
This cursed land of the fallen Deacon.

Human Nature

I saw a Minister in prayer,
On bent knees supplicating,
Repentant for budgets denuded,
Or an Oliver Twist wanting more?
So, I too on bent knees fell,
More concerned but less tensed,
"O Lord, I hail Thy word,
'The First shall the last be,'
"Look then upon the line,

And I at the tail end shall fine,
So, tarry not 'Thy mighty order,'"
'All about turn'.

Bamenda

The cliffs of Golgotha,
The crucifix of Buea
Hang on, encaving Bethlehem.

Into the crucible,
The slug ventured,
Killed, gave birth,
And was born,
Fon of Fons.

Now the cycle is complete,
The dagger is set,
The butcher on the slab,
Encages himself in bullet proof.

Our Byzantium Day

On that day, our Byzantium day,
We the children in glazed blue,
Marched tall, with heads raised high,
To hail our dads, our goody, goody dads.

Each of them, a grey suit wore,
To match his head, a balding one,
And in each, our infant eyes saw,
A smouldering love, befitting the day.

And I at the tail end shall fine,
So, tarry not 'Thy mighty order,'"
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A smouldering love, befitting the day.

Each eleventh day of the second month,
A lovely day devoted for us,
Our goody dads made the pledge,
'As the elderly age, the young must sprout.'

With great desire we nursed our hopes,
Till the beard replaced the down,
But now, our adult eyes see,
Not for us, the day was meant.

Each ashy head is well entrenched,
Rejuvenating in wealth and care,
And bids us all to wait tomorrow,
Tho' their 'morrow never ends.

We wriggle in pain and cause alarm,
Yet on deaf ears that surely falls,
When patience loses its charm of hope,
The only option, defy the rule.

We once did, and six lay dead,
Our goody dads slew their heirs,
There's a goblin in each black head
Dread it not, and you will be dead.

You'll be dead but be not scared,
In whatever way, you are dead,
Die fighting, never surrendering,
Our only option, fight it on.

There's glory dying on the field,
It's a shame shying away,
Move forward, never backward,
Mandela did, and won our wills.

Bang Your Doors

Callous Plunderers Deceive the Masses,
With mailed Ambassadors lying about,
Their balloon jaws say it all,
The loot was heavy, now it's worse.

With saponaceous shame-proof faces,
They hoot the dirge foul-mouthed,
And the cursed ignorant Innocents,
Flex to death, welcoming their hackers.

Stop dancing, you bearers of the bier,
They have wrecked the land, don't you see?
If you don't, your shrivelled jaw bones tell,
Bang your doors, Midas is amok.

Midas is amok and full of intrigues,
He has the cash and the wand,
Where one fails the other will succeed,
Your best bet, bang your doors.

Our Nation's Day at Bongo Square

The fading tricolour:
Green, red and yellow,
Merged in the mist
Of a still morning
Shrouding the shamefaced star.
Mournfully rose
To the beats of drums
And blasts of trumpets

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And beaked by a lonesome pole.

In veneration,
The armed badged ones,
In chameleonised fatigues,
Stood in columns untold,
Instilling awe in all and sundry,
In front of a mortuary
Of a dream deferred.

Yet,
On that same tombstone
Of yesteryears painted words,
Stood the mailed godhead,
With seasoned lips of new paintings,
To a battered despoiled posterity.

Yet,
We, the cursed ignorant ones
Received the promises
With the same intense tension
Of fulfilment and hope,
We have made them our second nature,
And dance to death, in vain expectation.

But then
When will this vile pantomime end
That disembowels the spirit of EML
And challenges the gall of our manhood?
When, when will this impishness end
That has sewn desolation
Unleashing glowing magma
On us, the smithereens of their creation?

Now,
Reduced to the spited of the earth
Our rebelling entrails
Congealed by years of patient wait

Canonise the stride for vengeance
And set the pace of drawn brows.

So,
Now, and now,
Chest-pound and shout
Great sons and daughters
Of Bongo Square,
The boundary stone of patient wait
Must be put in place
To sprout the venom of revolution
In veiled Virgins of timing minutes.

False Friends

Once he slit the godhead
With a carving knife,
But once he was called
To join the looters,
Budgets rolled,
Castles rose and ladies fell,
And cheeks filled up
And chins grew double,
He hailed the godhead
Solomon incarnate.

Brother?

Brother we are so different,
So different in location and history,
So different in height and bulk,
So different in thought and tongue.

Canonise the stride for vengeance
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So different in height and bulk,
So different in thought and tongue.

Brother we are so different,
So different in body and soul,
So different in mind and heart,
So different in look and deeds.

Brother we are so different,
So different in greed and frugality,
So different in falsehood and honesty,
So different in taste and haste.

So, don't ever call me brother,
Cause we are so different,
So different to be called twins,
So different to be called one.

The Interred In Senegal

If a man dies at home,
His body concretises his death,
His widow, friends and well-wishers,
With choice flowers adorn his corpse.

They shave clean and wear sackcloth,
And cry aloud as they mourn his death.
They wail on mats or dusty benches,
And rend their clothes in grief.

But

If a man dies abroad and is there interred,
Nothing concretises his death,
Nobody ever mentions his name.

That

Creates a terrible vacuum,
That gags his wife and children,

Brother we are so different,
So different in body and soul,
So different in mind and heart,
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If a man dies abroad and is there interred,
Nothing concretises his death,
Nobody ever mentions his name.

That

Creates a terrible vacuum,
That gags his wife and children,

And encages his friends in fear,
As the earth moves round the sun.

But

Watch out fools, watch out!
Since nothing concretised the death,
The dead and interred abroad ain't dead,
But live abroad in pomp.

Each passing day unmask the guilt,
Of cowardly friends and foes,
And kindles the courage of Time,
To prepare his return in fireworks.

Eve

Seen her before?
If not, whenever,

Call her Victoria,
Or Victorine.
Most tenderly, Vicky,
Or simply, Vict.

She's at times a Vixen,
Sometimes Vivacious,
In some cases a Virago,
And in most, a Virtuoso.

All these, cause she's Eve,
Her lipstick is Violet,
Her dress Victorian,
And her apple V.

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Her lipstick is Violet,
Her dress Victorian,
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She is Vulnerable,
Cause she's Voluptuous,
But very vexing,
When revolting.

She's mere Vanity,
And easily Vanishes,
After Vanquishing,
With a touch so velvety.

Ecstasy **The Cry of the Street Girl.**

A velvety touch,
And tender tendons tensed taut,
And in the sweet hissing gliding in,
I am set ablaze,

The spiced smart shuttles thro' the slit,
Sent spasms, no! quivers, no! quakes
Thro' me,
I whine, scream or perhaps groan,
I know not what, do you?

Those silly stupid sweet complaints
Of self-sacrifice
Increase the tempo.
The fire burns wildly. I hit fever pitch.
My brows rain...
Oooo! Sh,sh, ecst, ecst, ecstasyeeee.
I breath in deeply and out,
With a releasing relief.
The ember dies. I flop. He sags.

She is Vulnerable,
Cause she's Voluptuous,
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He sags and eases out,
Leaving me a host, perhaps double,
May be a spreader.
He jingles the table for bread
And butter, and leaves.
I rub and raise my dewy brows to see,
I slump back in disgust and pass out.

A few days later,
A drum-fire of stinging darts of pain,
Jolts me out of a similar slumber,
I am blasted. I yell, I know not what
Do you?

It's a Doctor's problem.
I'll see the Doctor. Docta, I, I, I.
My hands speak, I know not what
Do you?

'Test lab, with heavy notes'
Test is positive. I'm a carrier –
A potential spreader.

What? The song of the day?
I'm no Red Cross. I aid nobody
I want no Aids.
I wriggle. I yell, I know not what,
Do you? YSATSCE.

The Woman

Call a woman a kitten, never a cat;
You can call her a mouse, never a rat,
Call her a chicken, not a hen
Or you'll never call her again.

You can say she is a vision, not vicious,
And no woman is skinny, but slim
If she burns you, say she's warmed you up
And you'll always be her caller – you tricky liar.

Love

Love is a four lettered word,
Simple to pronounce and simple to spell,
But arduous to reach and arduous to share,
For it's meant for only two to share.

No matter to equation claims,
They're never, never two for two,
But are either one, for three,
Or none, none at all, for four.

Ours, was surely the latter,
As sediments hold fast,
Making of me, a stump,
And of you, a bud.

The Woman

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Parlour Walls

What X-ray, parlour walls!
Archives of success stories,
Temples of shadows
With beaming smiles,
Hearts meeting hearts
Eyeballs to eyeballs,
Mute, yet hailing
Love, taste, ecstasy.

Not all parlour walls,
But those of the graced,
Mine, sepulchres,
Shrouded in scales of paint,
Pull matted faces
For a lost dear shadow,
Lost in the misty past
Welding the then, now
And a foggy 'morrow.

Shrivelled in want,
Mourning for you
These sepulchres,
Not biographical,
Fill the tempest in me
With a violence untold,
I clench my teeth
And gird for a new start,
A new start?

Yes, a new start.
Hell is in the grave,
Heaven in life.

A new start at seventy,
New parlour walls,
A new shadow
With beaming smiles,
Heart meeting heart
Eyeball to eyeball,
Prelude to a beaming adieu.

A Broken Vow

We smithed our little hearts,
And sang our jingles together,
We welded our little hearts,
And beat the lark in song.

Our little heart beat in two bodies,
That glowed with hope and joy,
And danced in wavy seas,
While praying to reach the shore.

One little heart in two bodies,
With sealed lips, ears and eyes,
Knew not north, south, east nor west,
In that little boat of two.

The distant stars shone bright,
And beckoned at the two in one,
And each of us, a pencil took'
To paddle through the puddle.

You paddled fast and landed first,
And ripped your heart from mine.
You saw north, south, east and west,

A new start at seventy,
New parlour walls,
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And ripped your heart from mine.
You saw north, south, east and west,

And forgot I was behind.

You rode the swing, the merry-go-round
And princes licked your boots,
I waddled hard and landed too,
And thought you'd turn to me.

You pouted and jeered at muddy me,
And so we broke our vow,
Now we look back in stormy weather,
And hold the gods to blame.

We too would have sung the carols
Thousands of other pairs sing,
But now we only hoot the dirge
Smearing our faces with *rhume*.

More Questions than Answers

When you made the sound of the last post,
Did you feel and react like me?
Did you wriggle and rend your clothes,
Was there a friend to advise?

Did you look back in anger,
Did you try to answer,
Those heart rending questions,
Did you give my state a thought?

Did you think the world was deep,
Did you think where love's enthroned,
Hatred lurks with a walking stick,

And forgot I was behind.

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Did you think where love's enthroned,
Hatred lurks with a walking stick,

Did you show a sign of care?

What else could have primed your guts
To hop before you looked,
If not the greed of borrowed feathers,
As most often is the case.

I Still Bequeath to You

Even here now by this pit,
I still to you bequeath
This, that you so abhorred,
The shell of my being,
If being it was.

My tongue hangs out
Lamenting my sojourn,
I lived dreaming,
Seething with desire for you
Shredding my life in bits.

Soon, the stones by this pit
Will start crushing my casket,
To complete for you
What remained of me,
Me, after losing you.

Before the first shovel,
Lead the way.
Cast a stone, one ton in weight.
Then make a turn towards home,
Leaving a crushed body behind,
Crushed, as you wished.

Did you show a sign of care?

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To hop before you looked,
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I Work On Sundays

I work on Sundays,
The holiest day of the week
The day our Lord rested,
And bade us all to rest.

I work on Sundays,
The most pious day of the week,
The day ordained for rest,
The day I alone must work.

I work on Sundays,
Disobeying in obedience,
For, I need an extra day,
To pay Adam's debt in me.

My sweat stained the blood,
That saved all but me,
So I need an extra day
To keep my soul in place.

Who else in this whole wide world,
Can assist the lady in the moon?
I alone can break firewood
On Sunday lovely nights.

So when you see me work on Sunday,
Start not, nor make faces,
But bow in honest veneration,
My sweat is surely your smile.

World Book Day

How blind and deaf I was born!
With lips sealed and body numbed,
With nostrils blocked to all but air,
My universe a horrible void was.

I toddled to school in search of light.
I heard the bell, I got to the line,
My eyes opened my skin thawed
And light and warmth embraced my soul.

The pages opened, the Bible first,
I spoke to Christ, Socrates and Homer,
My world whirled, I counted the stars,
I got to the moon and back to earth.

Britain lay but a stone throw,
America remained a longing dream
The Soviet Union, a crumbling world,
And Communist China a world to come.

Books launched me to a thousand satellites,
I braced the world in all its forms,
I honour Shakespeare and Einstein alike,
And to the god of books I sing my song

Adieu Lambo John Akwe

All that glitters
is not gold

All
that is gold
surely glitters.

You
glittered, we
bore witness

And
so, you
belonged to
the

Goldsmith.

He's
taken you up
to his forge,

Where
on his anvil,
he'll smith

Glitter
ing, bangles
for himself,

And
take pride in
you, not us.

In memory of Stephen Edie 1962

Some losses can be expressed in tears,
Others in sad words or fears
But the world is not yet so old,
For mine have never been told.

God's Queen, Her Majesty Queen Death
Begot; it was a premature birth,
Yet God welcomed His son Edie,
And so I lost a friend so dear.

Death wronged nature's best design,
Mankind's best in him were assigned,
To teach, spread and illustrate,
Piety, honesty and even fate.

In him beggars found a friend in need,
Priests the same, a Christain in deed,
Artists, an advertisement sample for gold
And in him fate equated her goals.

Tiko swarms received an honourable guest
Steve Edie was there laid to rest,
And so were brains and times hefty seeds
All by death were brought to knees.

Writers' immortality in print remains
Tyrants, monuments their fame proclaim
History preserves the hated rebel,
But Edie is lost beyond I can tell.

Crying in Hiccoughs is a graphic presentation of the more realistic phase of Africa's politico-economic and historico-moral evolution in general, and Cameroon's, in particular. From the colonial to the post-independence era, the poet sees nothing worthy of praise-singing and handclapping. So, he resorts to crying in hiccoughs and invites the blind, deaf and dumb brainwashed praise-singers to join him in singing his little songs so as to expose and challenge the demagoguery.

Alobwed'Epie was born at Ngomboku in Kupe/ Muanguba Division, South-West Region of Cameroon. He studied at the Universities of Yaounde and Leeds and teaches Creative Writing, Sociolinguistics etc. at the University of Yaounde.



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